MEMOIRS OF JAMES MORRIS

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South Farms 181

Memoirs of Daniel Harris of South Farms
in Litchfield - written by himself - I was born in this
place Janry 19th A.D. 1752 of religious parents - My
father by the name of Daniel was born in New Haven
in the month of Janry 1722 - and died in this place on
the 6th day of June A.D. 1789 in the 69th year of his age.
My father was married to the Widow Thebe Beers the relict
of Timothy Beers, on the 8th day of April A.D. 1751 - My
mother was born at Branford August 2. 1712 - and
died April 1793 - she had but one sister, named Lucy.
She was born Augst 2. 1754, and was married to Daniel
Goodrich of this place in Oct. 1775, and she died April
27th 1795 - [illegible] They had by Daniel Goodrich 6 children viz.
Harris. Thebe, Daniel, & Lucy - and 2 sons, which died in
infancy - I was married Dec. 25th 1781 to Elizabeth
Hubbard of Middletown - She was born Dec. 2d 1750
We were blessed with five children viz. Abigail
Daniel, Reuben Smith, Samuel Hubbard, and Richard
Hubbard - Abigail was born August 2. 1783
and she was married Oct. 1808 to the Rev. Joshua H.
Whitman of Antrim in the State of New Hampshire - She
has two children viz James Harris, & Elizabeth Dorothy.
James was born March 9th 1809 - Elizabeth was born
March 7th 1811 - — My son Daniel was born Dec. 4th
1784. he was graduated at Yale College Sept. 1803 -
In Oct. of the same year he went to Augusta in Georgia
and took charge of an Academy [illegible] in that place

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MEMOIRS

OF

JAMES MORRIS

OF

South Farms in Litchfield

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

&

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON

Printed by the Yale University Press for the
ALINE BROTHIER MORRIS FUND

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the Aline Brothier Morris Fund
76 William Street, New York, N.Y.

30117

James Morris

Rhoda Farnam Morris

INTRODUCTION

FOR many years there has been a tradition in the western counties of Connecticut that James Morris, in whose honor the town of Morris was named, left a handwritten volume which he entitled *Memoirs*. In this tradition there is truth, for his son, Dwight Morris, inherited these *Memoirs* together with other heirlooms possessing historic value, and he in turn passed them on to me.

Among these heirlooms is the original commission issued to James Morris by John Cotton Smith, Captain-General, and Commander in Chief, in and over the State of Connecticut, in the United States of America, appointing him as First Major of the Second Regiment of Volunteers, raised and organized in conformity with "An Act to raise certain Volunteer Corps," dated at Hartford the Second day of June, 1813. This was in the period of our second war with Great Britain. Although James Morris was familiarly known as "Captain" Morris, he was in fact entitled to the rank of Major.

The *Memoirs* were written by James Morris from time to time as the spirit moved him,

during the years 1813–1817. They are interesting not only because of his personal story, and the part he played as an officer in the Revolutionary War and afterwards in the civil offices he held, but also since they depict life as it was lived in a small Connecticut town largely characteristic of all New England of that period.

Not only was religious zeal inherent in the people of those little communities, but their spirit of patriotism was deeply stirred by the call of duty to their country. They felt the Revolutionary War was justified, as war always has been in the progress of the world to secure freedom from oppression. In support of the Declaration of Independence "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence," they heartily joined with the other sections of the Colonies in pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

The *Memoirs* have been held by the family and cherished for over a century. Their publication at this time is due to two causes—one, the dedication of the beautiful modern public buildings at Morris, which event affords a suitable occasion, and another the desire of the trustees of the ALINE BROTHIER MORRIS FUND to publish them. I have, therefore, gladly undertaken the task of editing the *Memoirs* and the volume which follows is the result.

It is appropriate in this introduction that I should speak of Dwight Morris, my father, the son of James Morris, and of my wife, Aline Brothier Morris, in whose memory the Fund was created.

The *Memoirs* show on their last page that my father was born at Morris on the twenty-second day of November, 1817, and that he was named "Timothy Dwight in grateful remembrance of my much esteemed and beloved friend the Rev. Timothy Dwight late president of Yale College." Through life my father was known as Dwight Morris.

The Morris family, as far as we have any history of it, originated in Wales, and after several centuries the main branch removed to York, England. From York the Connecticut branch, which was the first of the name in America, came to Boston nearly three hundred years ago, in 1637 to be exact, and later settled at Morris Cove, a part of the New Haven harbor. In 1639, Thomas Morris, the head of the family, signed the Plantation Covenant, and in 1671 a mansion, now in the possession of The New Haven Colony Historical Society, was erected. Over the entrance to this house is the date and the motto *Irrupta Copula*. This motto pertained to their crest and coat of arms, for the family had been a part of the British nobility.

The first of the family to settle in South Farms, as Morris was then called, was James Morris, my great-grandfather, who was born in 1722 and died in 1789. He was known as Deacon James Morris and is buried in the graveyard at Morris. The *Memoirs* give a very clear impression of his personality.

My father, Dwight Morris, who, as we have seen, was born at Morris, was educated in the local public schools and graduated from Union College in 1838. He was admitted to the Bar at Litchfield in 1839 and afterward removed to Bridgeport where he continued in the practice of the law. He represented his city in the General Assembly of the State of Connecticut for six years from 1845, and again in 1880. In 1851 he became Judge of Probate for the District of Bridgeport. In the Civil War he was instrumental in raising the Fourteenth Infantry Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, in response to the emergency call of President Lincoln in 1862, and led it to the front as its colonel. This Regiment was known as the "Fighting Fourteenth" and played "an important part in some of the most sanguinary battles of modern times and did valiant service in some of the pivotal actions of the great conflict."* After his army service he

*See *History of the Fourteenth Regiment Connecticut Vol. Infantry* by Charles D. Page, Meriden, 1906.

Dwight Morris

Josephine Clark Morris

was offered the appointment of Federal Judge for the Territory of Idaho by President Lincoln, but declined. In 1866 he was appointed in the United States Consular Service to France where he served until 1869. He was elected Secretary of State of Connecticut in the centennial year and held this office during 1877–1879. He was awarded the degree of Master of Arts by Yale in 1878. Through his efforts the Society of the Cincinnati of Connecticut was reinstated July 4, 1893, after being dormant from 1804, and he served as its president until the time of his death. He inherited his membership in this Society from his father, James Morris, an original member.

In his later years he devoted considerable of his time to literature and contributed many articles upon historical subjects. "His personal appearance was striking, his figure erect, and he carried himself with a military bearing. He was courtly, dignified, yet genial and well beloved by his friends and companions. He achieved a prominent place in his profession. He died September 26, 1894, at Bridgeport."*

My father was first married in 1842 to Frances S. Thompson, of Bridgeport, who died in 1858. He was married a second time in 1867, in Paris,

*See *Genealogical and Family History of the State of Connecticut*, Lewis Historical Publishing Company, New York, 1911.

France, to Josephine Clark, who was born in Chicago in 1844 and died in Bridgeport in 1884. She was the daughter of Lewis W. Clark, a prominent and public-spirited resident of Chicago, and Emily Henshaw Clark. There were two children resulting from this second marriage, myself, born in 1869, and my sister Rosalie Clark Morris, born in 1873, who died in her infancy.

Perhaps the most accurate estimate of a man can be obtained from the opinion of his contemporaries, and in this respect an article regarding my father, which appeared in *The Hartford Journal*, September 18, 1892, may well be quoted. This article, written by Dr. Nickerson, was headed "Thirty Years Ago," and is in part as follows:

THE presence of Colonel Morris of Bridgeport in the Democratic convention here during the past week recalled the day thirty years ago, when he rode up Main Street at the head of the Fourteenth Regiment, commanding that body of men then on the way to the seat of war. The thought of the scene in question was sufficient to awaken some of the proudest memories of the old war days. Colonel Morris was in the prime of life, when he offered his sword to Buckingham in defense of the Union. It was not through favor but on account of merit and patriotism that he was placed in command of one of the best and pluckiest body of troops that left this state during the war. . . . .

Colonel Morris was not two weeks in actual service before he was assigned to the command of a brigade in Hancock's

division. His favorite Fourteenth, however, was continued with him and the regiment's career, which was not surpassed by that of any of the Connecticut commands during the war, was due to his inspiration and leadership. . . . He should have been made a brigadier with full rank, having earned the star by personal courage and leadership. . . . .

Colonel Morris is a member of the Fairfield County Bar and is an influential debater. . . . There is a charm in his old time affability and courtesy that cannot be described. But few public men in the state possess more fascinating ways.

The residents of this city came to know him best, while he was secretary of state under Governor Hubbard. He was elected centennial year and was the first secretary to hold the office for the two years term. Francis B. Loomis, who died here a few months ago, was lieutenant governor at the time, bringing three of the most courtly gentlemen in the state into prominence here during the session of 1877. . . . The writer was familiar with Colonel Morris' services at this period and offers with great pleasure this tribute, humble as it may be, to the man whose proudest title will remain in the colonelcy of the Fourteenth Connecticut.

My wife, Aline Brothier Morris, was born in France July 24, 1887. She came to America in 1916 and was naturalized as a citizen of the United States in 1927. She was intensely interested in her new country and undertook the patriotic work of "bringing to foreign born citizens a better understanding of their privileges and their duties under the Constitution of this, their country by adoption, tending to an enhanced support of the fundamental principles of our government. Her work contributed a high

conception of American citizenship, not only among foreign born citizens, but also among the native born citizens with whom she came in contact, for she correctly contended that there could not be two groups in our scheme of democracy as all citizens alike possess a general equality."*

Aline Brothier Morris had studied the history of our country and had read practically every important biography of the leading men and women of America. She was impressed by the *Memoirs* of James Morris, not only because of her relationship by marriage, but because they paint a picture of New England life in the period of which they treat. She died in New York City on October 6, 1932, and the ALINE BROTHIER MORRIS FUND was established not only to perpetuate the patriotic purpose to which she was so devoted, but also to carry on in general "educational, charitable, religious and historical work." It is therefore natural that these *Memoirs* of James Morris should be published by the endowment created in her memory.

Aline Brothier Morris is buried in my father's plot in Mountain Grove Cemetery at Bridgeport,

*Quoted from the foreword of *American Citizenship* printed in 1933 by the Yale University Press for the ALINE BROTHIER MORRIS FUND.

Robert Clark Morris

Aline Brothier Morris

Connecticut, and on her tombstone are the lines:

THE BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER
OF THIS LOVELY FLOWER OF FRANCE
WAS AN INSPIRATION TO ALL
WHO KNEW HER AND A TRIBUTE
TO THE GLORY OF GOD

The Fund is distributing a limited edition of this book without charge, and I have presented to the town of Morris the original manuscript of the *Memoirs* written by James Morris.

ROBERT CLARK MORRIS

June, 1933.

Memoirs

of

JAMES MORRIS

of

South Farms in Litchfield

I WAS born in this place January 19,1752 of religious parents. My father, by the name of James, was born in New Haven in the month of January 1722, and died in this place June 6, 1789, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was married to the widow Phebe Barns on the 8th day of April 1751. My mother was born in Branford August 2, 1712, and died in April 1793. I had but one sister, named Lucy. She was born August 2, 1754, and was married to James Woodruff of South Farms in October 1775. She died April 27, 1790, and James Woodruff died April 3, 1813. She had by James Woodruff six

children, viz., Morris, Phebe, James, and Lucy, and twins who died in infancy. I was married to Elizabeth Hubbard of Middletown December 20, 1781. She was born December 27, 1750. We were blessed with five children, viz., Abigail, James, Reuben Smith, Samuel Hubbard, and Robert Hubbard. Abigail was born August 2, 1783, and was married to Rev. John M. Whiton of Antrim in the State of New Hampshire October 1808. She has two children, viz., James Morris and Elizabeth Dorothy. James was born November 9, 1809, and Elizabeth was born March 7, 1811.

My son James was born December 4, 1784, and was graduated from Yale College September 1803. In October of the same year he went to Sunbury in Georgia and took charge of an Academy. From the said Academy he was chosen Tutor of the University of Georgia in the year 1804. He remained Tutor till nearly the close of the year 1805. He then left the University and returned to Sunbury and took charge

of the Academy again. Soon after, he married a young widow of Sunbury who had two children. By this marriage he had two children, Louisa, and James Alexander. Reuben S. Morris, my second son, was born May 24, 1786. He graduated from Yale College in September 1804 and soon after went to Cayuga in the State of New York. He commenced the study of law under the tuition of Thomas Mumford, Esqr. and was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1807. He married Sally Goodwin on September 15, 1811. She was born April 26, 1794. Their daughter, Elizabeth Hubbard, was born July 25, 1812. Samuel H. Morris, my third son, was born February 6, 1788 and died December 22, 1793, a pleasant intelligent child. Robert H. Morris, my fourth and youngest son, was born July 25, 1789. Endowed with a good academic education he married April 7, 1813, Phebe Oliver of New Jersey, and settled at Cayuga, New York.

Morris Woodruff, the first son of James

and Lucy Woodruff, was born September 3, 1777. He married Candace Catlin of Harwinton November 21, 1804. Candace was born April 2, 1786. The children of this marriage were George Catlin, born December 1, 1805; Lucy Morris, born July 1, 1807; Lewis Bartholomew, born June 10, 1809; Reuben Morris, born May 8, 1811; James, born January 1, 1813, who died the 15th day of the same month. Phebe Woodruff, first daughter of James and Lucy Woodruff, was born September 26, 1780. Next a pair of twins born November 17, 1783 and died the same day. James Woodruff, the son of James and Lucy Woodruff, was born May 20, 1786, and was married to Lucretia Catlin of Harwinton, on November 17, 1812. She was born April 29, 1791. Lucy Woodruff, youngest daughter of James and Lucy Woodruff, was born August 9, 1789.

In looking back to my early childhood, I can well recollect that I was much attached to my book. I learned to read when I was four years old, and I plead with my

father to get me a new Bible. My father had a large Bible which he daily made use of and he told me that I might read in his Bible, and when I had read it through, he would get me a new one. I then applied myself to reading, and read his large Bible through by the time I was six years old. My father, always faithful to his word, bought for me a new Bible of the common size. I then preferred reading in my new small Bible rather than in his. I read in it daily and was careful after I returned from Meeting on the Sabbath, to get my Bible find the text and read the whole chapter which contained it. My father was always very particular to call on me when I returned from Meeting, to render an account of what I had heard the minister say, and I could not be excused if I did not remember the text. After giving an account of what I had heard preached, I was then taught by my father the Catechism, who never used the Primmer in asking every question in the Assemblies Catechism. On any Sabbath when I had been to

Meeting, if I did not remember, to be sure as much as the text, I was made to sit down on a small form or bench and there to sit still till sun-down, which I found to be a great punishment to me especially in summer season when the time was very long after we had returned from Meeting.

My father lived near Bethlem Line only three miles from Bethlem Meeting House and between six and seven miles from Litchfield Meeting House. My father was much attached to Doctor Bellamy. I was brought up under Doctor Bellamy's preaching. My parents dedicated me to God in Baptism in the Church at Bethlem and Doctor Bellamy administered the ordinance in the old Meeting House (as I have been informed) in my early infancy. The old Meeting House is now demolished, but, by the association of ideas, the spot of ground on which it stood appears different from any other. I often recollect the awakening sermons which Doctor Bellamy preached in the old Meeting House and the impressions

made on my mind, and they will be remembered by me in Eternity; the remembrance of which will swell my song of redeeming love, or will increase the gnawings of that worm which will never die, in the howlings of eternal despair.

In my childhood and early youth I had many serious impressions of mind respecting my soul's concern in a future world. My father was always faithful to me in his admonitions. Many a fervent prayer has he offered for the eternal welfare of his children. In my youthful days, I had an ardent desire to have a public education, and my ultimate desire was to be a minister. But being the only son of my father, he could not brook the idea of my leaving him for that purpose. He meant that I should live with him and that I should be his earthly prop on which he might lean in old age. He accordingly built a house for himself and for me 40 feet by 30, two stories high, kitchen back, a chimney at each end and a space way through, with a design that

I should live in one half of the house. This was the common fireside chat when I was but nine years old, but I could not bear the idea of having that house my abode through life. My father had a right in the public Library in Bethlem, and the books that he drew from time to time I was fond of reading. They were generally sermons and ecclesiastical history. I remember I was particularly fond of "Watts on the Mind." When I found a sentence of Latin in any book, I was exceedingly desirous of knowing the meaning of it. My desire still increased for a public education till I arrived at the age of eighteen years.

I had often solicited my father to let me go to college, till my solicitations wearied him, and the winter I was eighteen years old my father told me that if I would go and sled home a certain quantity of wood that we had drawn off from a piece of fallow ground the preceding summer, I might go and try what I could do in the study of Latin. I then exerted

myself and in about a fortnight or three weeks, I sledded home sixty loads of wood and loaded and unloaded the same myself. I then went to live at Doctor Bellamy's and was placed under the tuition of Mr. Thomas Miner, who was studying Divinity with Doctor Bellamy. I applied myself closely to my studies. I was first put into the Accidents, all of which I committed perfectly to memory. I was then put into Lilly's Latin Grammar, no English word being in the book. I understood nothing of what I was committing to memory. I used to study and cry because I got no ideas. I was almost ready to give up my pursuit. I used to look at my instructor and hear him talk, and often hear his answers to Doctor Bellamy on certain theological questions, and I finally concluded with myself that I had as much sense as Thomas Miner and if he had learned Latin and gone through college, then certainly I could. I then would take hold of Lilly's old Latin Grammar and plod away again. I thus

continued till the Spring of the year 1770. I then returned home to my father.

We had no settled ministry in this Society. We had but a short time before been incorporated.* A candidate was then preaching in this place, viz., Mr. Salmon Hurlburt. My father's idea was that I should live at home and pursue my studies under the tuition of Mr. Hurlburt. I accordingly set down to my studies at home and began Corderii, but I made but little progress for every day I was interrupted. It was constantly said, James you must go and bring in some wood—you must get some oven wood and split it fine—you must draw water and bring it in—you must go and bring up the old mare, your mother wants to ride out—you must go and fetch the cows—the pigs are in the garden, you must go and get them out—the hens and chickens are doing mischief

*Ed. Note—At the time of the writing of these Memoirs the Society was known as the Ecclesiastical Society of South Farms. In 1859 that portion of the Town of Litchfield embraced within that Society was incorporated into a new and separate Town known by its present name of Morris.

in the garden, you must go and make a coop and shut them up—and then when haying and harvest was coming on, the saying was—well James I believe you must lay aside your book till we can get through haying and harvest, it is difficult getting help, it won't do to lose our crops.

So I was shuffled about from pillar to post till fall. My father then consented that I should go and live at Mr. Brinsmade's at Judea, New Washington. Mr. Nathan Hale, late Judge Hale, now living in Goshen, was then studying theology with Mr. Brinsmade. I there had some company pursuing the same studies with myself, viz., Adoniram Judson and David Judson. I then took hold of my studies with new resolution. Mr. Hale was an accurate scholar and an able instructor.

I continued my studies under the superintendence of Mr. Hale till Commencement in September 1771. I then went to New Haven, sometimes elated with hope and sometimes depressed with fear lest I should not enter college, but as it hap-

pened, I passed a good examination and was admitted a member of college. After the usual vacation I went to college in October following. I applied myself to my study with a determination to be the best scholar in my class. I passed through college I believe beloved of my classmates and respected by my Tutor (now President Dwight) and the Faculty of the college. But as God in His Providence was pleased to direct, I was thwarted in my ambitious view of being the best scholar in my class. I was taken sick the first winter and confined three months. My life was almost despaired of and I did but little in my Classics till Spring vacation in May. However, I passed a decent public examination at the close of the term in May, and I graduated, having had my share of honorary appointments. It was agreed by the corporation on account of the convulsed state of our country, that there should be no public Commencement when my class were examined for their degrees in the month of July 1775. Our degrees were

conferred and I returned home to my father, and went faithfully to work in assisting him in collecting his hay and harvest.

Being determined to make theology my study, I went in the fall for that purpose to live with Doctor Bellamy, with three of my intimates at college, viz., Mr. David Tullar, Mr. Seth Swift and Mr. Adoniram Judson. We pursued our studies in Divinity with zeal, being pleasantly situated under the best of instructors in theology. I had during my college life many serious impressions and many strivings of the Spirit of Grace. I was disposed to quarrel with the doctrine of Election and final retribution, and also with the doctrine of the Divine Decrees and Sovereignty. I could not reconcile the free agency of man with the decrees of God and his foreordination. How could man be free when the agency of God in His particular providence directed even his volitions? I prayed for Divine direction; I prayed that the path of duty might be made plain before

me; that I might see the amiableness of the Divine character as represented in the Scriptures. I wrote upon a system of questions given to me by Doctor Bellamy and wrote a few sermons. The study was pleasing to me and my delight, notwithstanding I thought my heart was not right with God. I was much exercised in my mind whether it could be my duty to preach the Gospel of Christ if I had doubts that I was His true Disciple.

In the midst of these conflicting feelings I had an invitation to teach the Grammar School in Litchfield with an offer of handsome wages if I would undertake it. I consulted my father, who had been at considerable expense in my education, and felt himself straitened. The Revolutionary War had commenced. The British had possession of Boston. Many of our young men were called away for the defense of our country. My father thought I had better undertake to teach the school. I accordingly engaged sometime in the winter of 1776 and kept the school till

sometime in May of the same year, when unthought of or unsolicited, I had an Ensign's commission sent to me from the Legislature of this State to go on a tour of six months to New York. The British Army having left Boston had made their way to New York.

This appointment threw me into a painful situation, not knowing what to do. I still meant to pursue the study of Divinity. I went to Doctor Bellamy and asked his advice. He told me that our country was in peril and that I had better accept the commission. The Doctor told me that his son Jonathan, my friend and companion in college, was going with a like commission, and I had better accompany him. I accordingly followed his advice, with the consent of my father.

I went to New York with a company of men, was in the battle of Long Island on the 27th of August, was in the retreat from Long Island in the night, when our Army made a safe escape from Long Island to New York. I was in the battle

on York Island the 15th of September, the day the British took possession of the same. I also was in the battle at the White Plains, where sundry of the soldiers, my friends and acquaintances, were killed and where I heard the bitter groans of the wounded. The Captain and Lieutenant of the company to which I belonged were taken sick and were removed from the camp. The command of the company wholly devolved on me. The soldiers universally manifested a great respect for me, for my care of the sick and my attention to their wants, and for my sympathies in their distresses.

The Army retreated from the White Plains to a place called New Castle and General Washington crossed the North River into New Jersey. The troops whose enlistments had nearly expired, remained at New Castle. My time of engagement ended in December, but previously I had a commission of a Second Lieutenancy sent me from Congress, to continue in service during the War. The soldiers were

desirous that I should accept it; they told me if I would they would enlist. I returned home on the 26th of December, 1776 and consulted my father and other friends on the subject, and the first day of January, 1777, I had another commission sent to me from Congress of a First Lieutenancy. As the aspect of our public affairs grew more and more threatening and gloomy I decided to enter the service during the Revolutionary War. I enlisted between thirty and forty men, which was more than half of the company.

During the winter of 1777 I lived in Litchfield in the recruiting service and received an order from the General to superintend the Hospital in this town for the inoculation of all the soldiers that had not previously had the small pox. Nearly two hundred were inoculated by the month of May, 1777. In the month of June I marched with the men I had enlisted and joined the Army at Peekskill and there passed the summer's campaign. In the month of September General Wash-

ington moved the Army from the banks of the Hudson across the Delaware into the State of Pennsylvania. We encamped between the River Lehi and Philadelphia. At six o'clock on the evening of the 3rd of October, 1777, the Army had orders to march. Under the immediate command of General Washington we began to move towards Germantown.

I left my baggage, and my Bible, which my father bought for me when I was six years old, in my trunk. I marched with only my military suit and my implements of war, without any change of dress, or even a blanket. We marched that evening a distance of about twenty miles and reached Germantown by break of day on the morning of the 4th. The memorable Battle of Germantown then commenced. Our Army was apparently successful in driving the Enemy from their encampment, and victory in the outsetting seemed to perch on our standards.

But the success of the day, by the misconduct of General Stephen, turned

against us. Many fell in battle and about five hundred of our men were made prisoners of War, who surrendered at discretion. I being in the first company, at the head of one column that began the attack upon the Enemy, was consequently in the rear in the retreat. Our men, then undisciplined, were scattered. I had marched with a few men nearly ten miles before I was captured, continually harassed by the British Dragoons and the Light Infantry. I finally surrendered, to save life, with the few men then under my command, and marched back to Germantown under a guard. Samuel Stannard, my waiter, a strong, athletic man, carried my blanket and provisions, with a canteen of whiskey. He had made his escape and was not taken. Of course I was left without any refreshment from break of day through the whole day. Thus I was driven back to Germantown after performing a march of about forty miles from the evening before at six o'clock.

I reached Germantown, a prisoner of

War, about sunset fatigued and much exhausted. I was the last officer taken, with about twenty men. The rest, that had been taken early in the day, were conveyed to Philadelphia. The evening of the 4th of October was very cool. I was put under a quarter guard with the few men with me, in an open field around a small fire. No provision was made for the prisoners. The men with me had a little food in their knapsacks, but I had none. A little after sundown I was shivering with the cold and I asked the Sergeant of the Guard if I might see the Commander of the Regiment. He informed me that he quartered in such a house, about 20 rods distant. The Sergeant who was manly and sympathetic, waited on me to the house and informed the Commander that there was an American Officer, a prisoner, at the door, who wanted to see him. The Colonel said he would see me after he had done supper. Accordingly I sat down in the stoop before the door and after waiting about fifteen minutes the Colonel came

out and sat down with me. He asked me many questions respecting my motives for going into the War and rising up in rebellion against my lawful Sovereign. I answered him pleasantly and as evasively as I could consistently with decency. He asked me what I wanted. I told him I was in a suffering condition, I had no blanket or any covering to shield me from the cold. I wished for liberty to sleep in the house, and that I stood in need of some refreshment. The Colonel ordered his servants to get me some victuals and said I might go into the room where they were. I went into the room. The servants very politely spread a table, set on some good old spirits and a broiled chicken, well cooked, with excellent bread and other food of the best kind. The servants sat off in the room and waited on me in the best manner. This was really the sweetest meal of victuals that I ever ate.

When I had done supper I asked the Sergeant who had conducted me there, what the Colonel said respecting my

lodging in the house. The Sergeant replied that the Colonel told him that I was not on parole and that he was not authorized to grant a parole of honour and that I must go out and be with the Guard. I then asked the Sergeant if I could be furnished with a blanket for that night. The soldiers who were waiters to the Colonel, immediately brought me a large and clean rose blanket and said it should be for my use that night. I accordingly went out into the field and lay down among the soldiers who were prisoners, wrapped myself in the blanket, kept my hat on my head and slept sweetly through the night. Before I lay down the Sergeant informed me that he observed I had a watch in my pocket and that I had silver knee-buckles; that if I would give them to his care he would return them to me in the morning, as the soldiers of the Guard would probably rob me of them when I was asleep. I accordingly committed them to his safe keeping, who very honourably returned them to me the next morning.

This was the 5th of October. The prisoners this day had their allowance of provisions dealt out to them for the day. These were cooked by the soldiers who were prisoners and I partook with them in one common mess.

Near the setting of the sun of the 5th, the prisoners were ordered to be escorted by a guard to Philadelphia, a distance of about six miles. I then marched on, and arrived at the New Jail in Philadelphia about eight o'clock in the evening. I was locked into a cold room, destitute of everything but cold stone walls and bare floors—no kind of a seat to sit on—all total darkness, no water to drink or a morsel to eat; without a blanket to cover me. I groped about my cell, and in moving about I found that there were two or three persons lying on the floor asleep. I said nothing to them nor they to me. I stood on my feet and leaned my back against the wall and sometimes moved about the room. Then, to change my position, I sat on the floor, but no sleep nor slumber;

parched with thirst and no one on whom I could call for a drop of water. In short, it was the longest and most dismal, dreary and gloomy night that I ever beheld. I reflected on the miseries of the damned in that eternal, friendless prison of despair, but still hope hovered around my soul that I should see another morning. Morning finally arrived and at a late hour we were furnished with some very hard sea bread and salted pork, and I was able to obtain some water to drink. Being altogether moneyless I could purchase nothing for my comfort. I pretty soon sold my watch for half its value, and with the money I received for it I was able to procure some food pleasant to my taste. I wholly gave up my allowance of provisions to the poor soldiers.

At this time and in this jail were confined seven hundred prisoners of War. A few small rooms were sequestered for the officers and each room must contain sixteen men. We fully covered the whole floor when we lay down to sleep, and the

poor soldiers were shut into rooms of the same magnitude with double the number. The soldiers were soon seized with the jail fever, as it was called, and it swept off, in the course of three months, four hundred men, who were all buried in one continuous grave without coffins. The length of a man was the width of a grave, lying three deep, one upon another. I thus lived in jail from the 5th of October, 1777, till the month of May, 1778, our number being daily decreased by the King of Terrors. Such a scene of mortality I never witnessed before. Death was so frequent that it ceased to terrify; it ceased to warn; it ceased to alarm survivors.

I was confined there with other officers. The card table and the bottle were their companions, and a common saying was, "let us do this to kill time." O what a lesson of instruction, when the longest life is but a dream, a shadow and a vapour, yet its precious moments are a burden! I made a contract with a good

family in Philadelphia to furnish me with two meals per day for two dollars per week. I thus lived during my continuance in jail, and by means of this family I obtained the privilege and use of the public Library in the city. My time was devoted to reading. The noise of the card table, the common routine of employment day after day ceased to disturb me, because it had become so familiar. I read and wrote, leaning up the wide recess of the window, to my advantage and improvement. Time passed pleasantly with me while I daily conversed with myself, and I endeavored to prevent my mind becoming soured by the severities of misfortune. Early in the Spring I began to lose my usual alertness and activity, and by the beginning of May I had become so debilitated that I was admitted on parole in the city.

I there continued with the kind family which had befriended me through the winter, till some time in the month of June, when the British Army left Phila-

delphia. I was put on board with the other prisoners of War, and sailed down the River Delaware and went to New York. We were twelve days on our passage. I was put on my parole of honour, and boarded with a plain Dutch family in Kings County at the west end of Long Island. I was confined within the limits of said county.

At Flat-Bush I became acquainted with a Mr. Clarkson, a man of science and of large property. He owned the most extensive private library that I had ever known in the United States. His wife had a capacious mind, and she was remarkably distinguished for her piety. Mr. Clarkson made me a welcome visitor at his house and gave me access to his library. He allowed me to take as many books as I chose and carry them to my lodgings. I there lived two years and six months, devoting my time to reading. I read through a course of ancient and modern history. My exercise was hand labour and walking. I tended a garden one

summer upon shares, and my net profits were about twelve dollars. The next summer I obtained the use of a small piece of land and planted it with potatoes from which my net profits were thirty dollars. I was treated with great kindness by the family with whom I lived, and endeavored to be always on the pleasant side with them, and to be sure not to be wanting in attention to my landlady. I learned that the little nameless civilities and attentions were worth a great deal more than they cost me.

Here I was peculiarly well situated to learn the human character, for the inhabitants in this county were all attached to the British Government and believed that all the officers paroled there were Rebels, and that they would finally be hung for their rebellion. So that if any of us had any injury or met with any abuse from the inhabitants, we could have no redress and we must bear it patiently. The Dutch inhabitants were uncultivated, yet many of them possessed strength of mind and were

intelligent. They were mostly strangers to the sympathies and tender sensibilities which so much rejoice the heart of friends with friends and promote the happiness of society. But, notwithstanding I was thus secluded from my particular friends and acquaintances, yet I enjoyed my share of comfort and worldly felicity. I felt no disposition to murmur and repine in my then condition; every day afforded me its enjoyments—excepting a time when I had a pretty severe attack of the ague and fever which reduced me low.

The whole term of my captivity was three years and three months, lacking one day. I was exchanged on the 3rd day of January 1781. I was taken from Flat-Bush to New York and from there conveyed to Elizabeth Town in New Jersey and set at liberty. I then procured assistance to carry me and my baggage to Peekskill. There I left my chest and marched on to the high lands, to the Army, which had taken winter quarters in the woods and conveniently hutted themselves. I found

in the regiment to which I belonged that my rank as an officer had been remembered and noticed. I had been appointed Captain in the month of April, 1778. I took the command of my Company and directed four men to take a boat and accompany me down the River Hudson to Peekskill for the purpose of getting my chest of clothing. The River was open in the channel but frozen near its banks. I landed at Peekskill in the evening, it being very dark. The waters were deep near the shore and covered with ice, and by making a misstep where the ice had been cut away in order that the boat could approach, I fell into the River and could find no bottom. I seized upon the edge of the ice while my body was carried horizontally up against the under side of the ice by the rapidity of the current. I thus held on, calling for help, till the men came to my relief. A few seconds more of suspense would have landed me in Eternity. I got my chest into the boat, after changing my wet clothes for a dry suit, and towards

morning the men rowed the boat up the River, taking advantage of the tide, and I returned to my Company in the Regiment the ensuing day.

Soon afterward I obtained a furlough to visit my parents and friends in Litchfield, for the term of two months. During this time of absence from the Army I went to Philadelphia to visit the kind family there who had befriended me while I was in jail and while sick under their hospitable roof, and paid them compensation for my board during the winter of 1777–8. It apparently rejoiced the hearts of the whole family to see me for they had shown me kindness when I was a destitute stranger, and they had no other security than my word, that I would reward them for what they had done. I had promised them that if I ever lived to be released I would pay them, which I did amply, they being a poor family.

When my furlough ended in the month of March, 1781, I joined the Army and was immediately detached from the Regi-

ment to which I belonged, to take the command of a Company of Light Infantry drawn from the several Regiments in the Connecticut Line of the Army. My Company was kept completely full of men through the summer of 1781. If any was sick or died, returns were made and another man was sent from the Regiment to supply his place. The Army was stationed in the fore part of the summer campaign in 1781 near the White Plains in the State of New York. Several skirmishes with the Enemy took place this summer near Kingsbridge where numbers fell on both sides. I was personally in several severe actions of which the Light Infantry must always be in front. I then experienced many narrow escapes, but still I was preserved, not a bone fractured, not even a flesh wound, while others fell by my side.

Near the close of the month of August, the Regiment to which I belonged, commanded by Colonel Scammel, received orders to march to Virginia. I marched with the Regiment at the head of my

Company to the head of Chesapeake Bay being about two hundred miles. We then went on board and sailed down to the mouth of the James River, about two hundred miles and thence sailed up James River and landed opposite to Williamsburgh. Here General Washington with his Army encamped a few days. He then ordered his Army to move to York Town distant thirteen miles. This march was performed in less than one day, about the beginning of October.

On the 16th day at evening of the same month, the Light Infantry were ordered to take a Fort by storm, which was situated near the bank of York River. Accordingly as soon as the twilight of the evening was gone, we began our march for that purpose. I then had the command of the first Company at the head of the column that supported the Forlorn Hope. Not a man was killed in the Forlorn Hope; they were so near the Fort before they were discovered that the Enemy overshot them and the whole firing fell

upon the main body. There were eight men killed near the head of the column, all within less than thirty feet of the place where I stood, and about fifty men were wounded. Yet in this dangerous situation, I by a kind Providence was preserved. The Forlorn Hope, commanded by Colonel Alexander Hamilton, were successful in taking the Fort.

Our men then immediately went to work and they covered themselves by an entrenchment of a mile and a half in length in less time than an hour. The French Army made an attack upon a Fort on our left fifty rods distant at the same time that we made an attack on the Fort on the bank of York River. Their conflict was much more severe and they lost about two hundred men. When we had gotten possession of these Forts we had possession of the ground overlooking York Town, and the British were cooped up in an elbow of the River. When morning light appeared the Enemy found their condition hopeless. Our Artillery began

to play upon the town. The Enemy panic struck beat a parley on the 17th day. A flag was sent out requesting a cessation of hostilities for the space of twenty-four hours. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon. General Washington returned for answer that he would grant them two hours only. The moment the two hours were expired the whole of the Artillery of our Army and that of the French Army were discharged at once upon York Town; it was a most tremendous roaring. Before another discharge could be made the British beat a parley and sent another flag requesting that Commissioners might be appointed to agree upon Articles of Capitulation for a surrender. Accordingly, Commissioners were appointed and articles were agreed upon on both sides.

On the 18th day, a day of respite, our soldiers were directed to wash up and appear clean on the next day. The British were snug in their tents during this time. On the 19th day our whole Army and the French Army assembled; our Army on the

right and the French Army on the left, about six rods apart, and each line reached more than a mile on an extended plain. We were thus drawn up to receive the vanquished. The British Army marched out between our two Armies, drums beating their own tunes, colors muffled, and after they passed in a review of our Army they piled their arms on the field of submission and returned back in the same manner into York Town.

On the 20th day, according to custom, would be the day of pagan rejoicing and huzzas, but instead of this General Washington issued his orders of a general pardon for all culprits of the Army that were confined for crimes or those who were under sentence of a court martial. He ordered the Army to assemble for Divine Service and give thanks to God for the success of our arms, chaplains to do their duty in praying and preaching to their several brigades discourses suitable to the occasion. How far preferable was this to a people professing to be Christians

than the heathenish custom of a drunken pow-wow and exulting over the humble vanquished. Here General Washington's character shone with true lustre in giving God the Glory. I have now detailed some of the prominent scenes through which I passed during my military life.

Our Army, after having taken care of the military stores which fell into our hands, were ordered to join our respective Regiments. Accordingly I marched with my men from York Town in Virginia to the high lands on the east side of the Hudson, in the month of November, 1781. Through all the dangers of this fatiguing campaign I enjoyed remarkable health and was able to endure its hardships with cheerfulness and activity.

At the close of the campaign of 1781 in the month of December, I obtained a furlough for a few weeks in order to visit my parents and my friends at Litchfield. My parents received me with joy. While I was absent on this furlough I was married, as mentioned in the beginning of

this history of my life. I returned to the Army at the time limited for my leave of absence and continued with it during the summer of 1782. The Army this summer were basking at their ease and were encamped near Kings Ferry, a little below Peekskill. There was no fighting after Cornwallis and his army were captured at York Town in Virginia.

In the month of November, 1782, I was released from the Army. I returned to my parents to comfort them in their declining years and to enjoy the sweets of domestic life. At this time I was thirty years of age. I felt a desire to resume my studies in theology and pondered on the subject. My father had become infirm from a wound he had received by the cut of an axe, and consequent loss of blood. My mother was seventy years old, and sunk down in her dotage. My parents were both unwilling that I should leave them, and I myself was still doubting and fearing my heart was not right with God. I lived with my parents during the winter of

1782–3 and endeavored to comfort them by attending to their domestic concerns and relieving my father from the necessary cares of a cold winter.

My friends and neighbors seemed to participate in the joys of my parents at my return and one and all joined in saying that I must not leave them, but I must live in South Farms and be their Justice of the Peace. Accordingly in May 1783 I was appointed a Justice of the Peace and as a token of the respect of my friends in Litchfield, and immediately after my return from the Army in 1782, I was chosen by the people of this town a Select-Man. Thus situated and notwithstanding my heart had from early youth devised the way to be a minister of the Gospel, yet God designed it should not be so, and had otherwise directed my steps.

In the month of May 1783, I moved my wife from Middletown and set up house-keeping in the same house my father built for me when I was nine years old, and to which I had in my childhood so

great an aversion. I repaired the house and barn. I employed two hired men in the summer of 1783 in order to repair fences, clear up hedge-rows, and, as the saying is, I slicked up the farm. In my office of Justice of the Peace I was often called upon to do business. Courts were often held. Sometimes large numbers of people would attend, and when I had set up housekeeping we often had company to visit us. My parents being advanced in years and in the evening of life, they chose retirement. My mother especially could not be broken of her rest or be disturbed of her sleep, and we often had evening visitors. They would many times stay till after nine o'clock and some noise would be made either in conversation or when they bid us good night and went out of the house. The next morning my mother would complain that she was so disturbed that she did not sleep, and that she could not have it so; that I should send off my company before nine o'clock.

Finding my situation growing un-

pleasant, yet at the same time feeling disposed to do everything in my power to soothe the pillow of age and to render the condition of my beloved parents comfortable, I consulted my father on the subject, and informed him that I had it in contemplation to purchase the house and lands where I now live; that it was more central for my business as a Justice and that it was nearer to Litchfield Town, where I was often called to transact the business of the town. My father, ever ready to administer counsel and advice to his children in things which he thought would best promote their interest, advised me and gave his consent that I should purchase the house and lands where I now live, at the same time informing me that if I purchased this place I must pay for it myself, as he had no loose money to spare. The burden of taxes bore hard upon the middle class of farmers to defray the expenses of the Revolutionary War. My father had already given me a deed of the one-half of his house and

fifty acres of land from his farm. He therefore informed me that if I ran in debt I must go with my eyes open and not depend upon him for any help.

It seemed that everything respecting my purchasing was directed by a kind Providence. I had no money, but I had in my possession five hundred pounds nominally of State obligations which were depreciating every day from their nominal value. They were granted to me for my services in the war, on account of the depreciation of Continental money. This place was mortgaged to Doctor Bird for one hundred and thirty pounds of hard money that he had lent. Mr. David Leavitt had an attachment on it for one hundred and sixty pounds. I had made a bargain for the purchase of this house and lands for the sum of £475 lawful money. The day was appointed when the creditors were to appear at this house to see if any compromise could be made. Doctor Bird agreed to take my State obligations at fifteen shillings on the pound. Mr.

Leavitt agreed in like manner, so I paid the whole sum down on the day that I took the deed. Thus I realized on my public securities, and it was not one year from that time before like obligations would not fetch more than three shillings on the pound. I was particularly fortunate, and the owners, viz., Bird and Leavitt lost nothing.

This bargain was made in the month of December, 1784. In the month of January, 1785, I was industriously employed in providing for myself a good woodpile for the use of the house, besides attending to the concerns of my father, my family being then in his house. I was elated with the idea that in the spring I should set up housekeeping in my present house, and that I should glide along smoothly without being in any measure burdensome to my beloved and aged parents. But God did not design that I should have altogether so smooth a passage and move from my father's roof without trying me in the furnace of affliction. At the latter

end of February God was pleased to cast me on a bed of severe sickness with the bilious cholic.

I underwent the most distressing pain. I was confined thirty days and my life was despaired of. I then had two children, my wife expecting to be left in widowhood, my father often praying with and for me. My friends, neighbors and acquaintances took an interesting part in my severe sickness and were ever ready to condole and sympathize with my parents and my family; they lent their friendly aid for our assistance. It would be particularly ungrateful in me not to notice the kind attention of Mr. Gad Farnam who was then about fifty years old. He left his family and came and stayed by me for some time by night and by day; he was an excellent nurse, and through his kind attention and care, under Providence I have often thought my life was spared. I hope I have always been disposed to be grateful to him and his family and I cannot leave this subject without ac-

knowledging that during my life from that period, I have experienced more testimonies of disinterested and unwavering friendship from Mr. Gad Farnam and his family than any other in this parish, though by this I do not mean to detract from any one, for I will always acknowledge that I have received more favours and kindness from the people generally speaking than ever I deserved. As these memoirs may fall into the hands of my children when I am mouldering in the dust, let me now make a father's injunction. I tell you my children, that if ever you see any of Mr. Gad Farnam's children in want, or his children's children, show kindness to them for your father's sake. But to return, I have contemplated that this afflicting sickness was designed by my Maker to answer some of His wise purposes in this place. By this sickness and distress the door was open for the people to show to me their kindness and consideration and by means of those favours that they had bestowed they be-

came more friendly to me. Hence the way was preparing for what God designed I should do for this people, as a feeble instrument in His hands.

This Society had become proverbial for their incorrectness in principles, their vulgarities, and for their low and grovelling deportment. The Church in this place was made up of numbers of ignorant, unprincipled and unexemplary men. They voted in Church Meeting that conversion should be no requirement of Communion at the Lord's table, and the Society ratified the vote. Profane swearing and open Sabbath-breaking and drunkenness were not uncommon among professors of religion. The young people were clownish, ignorant and uncivil in their recreations and amusements. About the year 1780 South Farms was a stench in the nostrils of all good men.

The first effort that I made was to attract the attention of the children in the several schools. In the first, second and third Districts, which were the only

schools taught then in the Society, there were numerous sprightly children and they were taught by active and ambitious instructors in the year 1783–4. I soon became acquainted with the instructors and the children. It was agreed that at the close of the schools in the spring, the several instructors, should, with their children, meet at the old Meeting House, and those children that acquitted themselves the best, should be entitled to a small premium. I proposed to them that eight scholars in each school, who performed the best in the public examination should have a book. I procured two dozen of Webster's New Spelling Book, the first that were introduced into this Society, and presented them to the scholars as proposed. This apparently excited a spirit of emulation in the several schools. From this time forward I endeavoured to make myself acquainted with all the children, and occasionally visited the schools. I exerted myself that each school should be furnished with able teachers,

and to be sure they were persons of taste and principle. I found there was a promising class of youths coming forward. Among the majority of the aged who were managing the affairs of the Society to attempt a reformation I considered a forlorn hope. At the same time I knew that we had some good men here who "Weeped sore in the night," but they were the minority.

At this juncture when I thought things in the parish were beginning to wear a pleasant aspect, the news was spread that the officers of the Army had a commutation of five years' pay for their services during the Revolutionary War. This fired the minds of the commonalty. They boiled over. I became obnoxious to the mass of people in the Society because I was an officer of the number. When I had my severe sickness numbers of the old stock of men hoped I should die. Others to be sure felt otherwise. One noisy old man towards eighty years old, said at a public house before company, that he

hoped I should die and that they would take my skin for a drum head to drum all other officers out of the Society. One of my old soldiers, who was in the company, drew his bayonet and told the old man that he had a mind to plunge it into his heart, that he hoped I should get well, and live to eat the geese that fattened on the old man's grave.

In the month of April, 1785, I removed with my little family to my present dwelling house, and soon after I was appointed by the Society one of their Society's Committee, which office I held by annual appointments for eight successive years. This embraced the time of building the Meeting House and settling Mr. Chase in the ministry. In the year 1787 I purchased of Mr. Benjamin Hall his farm of one hundred and ten acres for £430 lawful money, paying one fourth in money and the remainder in five annual installments in neat cattle. I then purchased all the calves I could obtain, hoping they would grow into cattle of worth by the time

my several installments became due.

In June 1789, God was pleased to remove my dear father by death. The loss of my father was a grievous stroke; he was an excellent guide in my early youth and an excellent counsellor in my riper years. He was a remarkable pattern of piety. My only sister died in less than a year after my father. My mother, towards eighty years of age, infirm and helpless, depended upon me.

I was at this time thirty-eight years old. I had been blessed with a religious education from my childhood to the age of eighteen. I had in the course of the various scenes through which I was called to pass, during my college life and through the Revolutionary War, adopted a variety of sayings and moral maxims, which I thought were pleasant to observe and would render me beloved in Society. They were such as follow, viz.:

Always take part with and favour the oppressed and unfortunate.

Never to be wanting in integrity.

Never to contend with a person, in things which are inessential.

Never violate the trust and confidence of my friends.

Always be firm in principle, but smooth in the manner.

Always be faithful to my engagements, and never promise more than I am able to perform.

Never indulge suspicion or jealousy of any one, but consider the best things of a person till the contrary is proved.

These adages and many other maxims of the like kind I had noted down in my commonplace book during my college and military life. But after all I found them to be only cobwebs; they did not satisfy my mind. As to my head knowledge, I was a Christian, while my heart was estranged from holiness. I had hitherto lived in the sin of procrastination and after the straitest sect of the world's morality "I lived a Pharisee." My father dated his conversion at the time of the general outpouring of the Spirit on the churches in the years 1740 and 41, before

he was twenty years old. My mind was anxiously impressed with the idea that presently I should be forty years old, and if I sinned away the day of Grace till after that period, my crimes would be sealed in the book of God against me. I had been awakened, I had been rationally convinced of the Gospel truths, I had no where else to go but to my Saviour, and I hope I was plucked as a brand from the burning. O my dear children if this little scrap should fall into your hands, think how perilous it is to live without God in the world so long as your father has done.

On the 7th of November, 1790, it being the Lord's day, I made a public profession of religion, and joined the Church in this place. About this time the promising class of children that I had visited in the years 1783 and 4, in the several District Schools, and to whom I had made presents of books, began to look to me for some further instruction. They were fond of calling on me at my house. I gave them access to my library. They had just begun

to step on to the stage as a class of young people. I informed them that I would give them instruction in English grammar and geography if they would attend to it. I gave them the best advice I could as to what line of conduct it was best for them to pursue, in order to become reputable in Society as young people. The young ladies were my first pupils. I took more pains with them in the outsetting in giving counsel than I did with the others, because experience had taught me in my travels, that in every town or village where there was a virtuous set of young ladies there was a decent class of young men. Hence I concluded that a reformation in society must begin with the females. It was now a new thing for the ladies in this Society to have any more education than could be obtained in our common District Schools, and in those schools reading, writing and spelling were all the branches that were taught, and it was often said that girls need not learn to write, if they knew enough about

it to write their names it was sufficient. Girls did not commonly attend to any schooling after they were ten or twelve years old.

The mode of instruction that I had adopted for the young people of both sexes met with opposition, as those who attended became the butt of envy because they were more noticed and respected by the good people in the Society. It was said I was making an innovation on the manners and customs of the youth. I was blowing up their pride. They would feel themselves above their mates and they would feel above labour. There must be a stop put to all this. This spirit of opposition commenced in the year 1792 in small circles. On the 13th of January 1793, I was appointed to the office of Deacon in the Church in this place. The opposition to me was increasing. It had found a place in the breasts of two of my brethren in the Church who were opposed to my appointment. I hesitated whether I should take on myself so important an office.

But after consulting with my friends, who were the most discerning and substantial members in the Church, and taking the subject into prayerful consideration, I accepted the office, I hoped with meekness and fear.

The opposition to my school increased till the year 1794. A certain class of men who were envious because I was appointed a Justice of the Peace at the age of thirty and to the office of Deacon when I was forty years old, now boiled over. Religion was made the "shouting horn." I was disturbing the peace of the Church. I was too familiar with the ladies who were pupils in my school. I had at times been seen walking with them to their respective homes when they had been at my house at school. I was bringing in fashions repugnant to the interests of the Society. This clamour excited the jealousy and suspicion of sundry brethren in the Church. A church meeting was held in the month of July, 1794, and a committee of inquiry was appointed to look into the

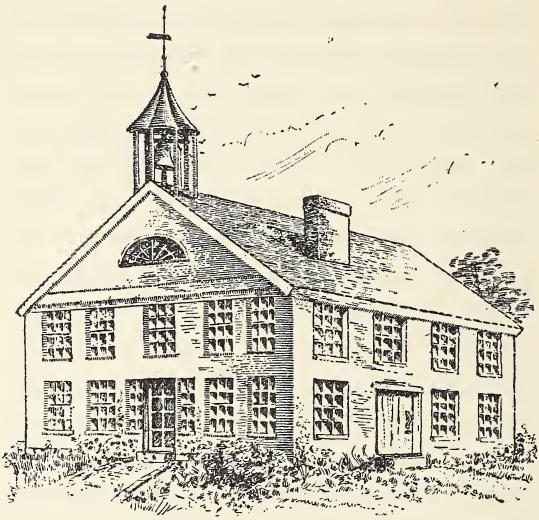
reports circulating respecting me, and bring a complaint against me if they found cause for the same.

It was unanimously agreed by the Church to refer complaints against me to a mutual council. Accordingly the churches of Southbury, Woodbury, Bethlem, Judea and Warren were sent to for their minister and delegate, and on the 27th day of August, 1794, I had a public hearing. Some of the witnesses who were opposed to my school, testified to what they knew was not true, and confessed the same to me a year afterward, and their only apology was that they testified without being under oath. After a long hearing of the witnesses and my defence, the council took the matter into mature deliberation, and on the 28th of August reported "that the complaint brought against me by the Committee of the Church was by no means supported," but on the complaint of disturbing the Christian peace, they were constrained to say that I had in some instances been a

little imprudent, but they "advised the Church to receive me into the arms of their Charity." The Church was asked whether it would abide the decision of the council, and voted in the affirmative. The question was then put to me in the same manner and I said I would acquiesce. My persecutors were exceedingly appalled; they were thwarted in their designs and attempts to destroy me. Some of them soon afterward moved out of the Society, some were taken away by the immediate hand of God. One of the brethren who was violently opposed to me left the Church, joined the Episcopalians and was finally excommunicated.

All this persecution against me was apparently designed to destroy and bring to ruin the little share of confidence I had obtained among the good people here, but it all turned out to my advantage. My school had hitherto been confined mostly to the youths in this Society; but in the fall of 1794 it was thronged with young people from other towns, and from

this time till the year 1803, I had as many scholars as I could attend to, both summer



The Academy, South Farms
1803

and winter. It was the general remark by strangers that there was as promising a class of young people in South Farms as in any town or Society within the County.

They were generally sought for by other towns as instructors to teach their District Schools.

In the year 1803 sundry good people in this Society united and built a large school house, called an Academy, with the design of enlarging my school. It was completed in the month of November, 1803. I then procured an assistant and extended the branches of science to be taught. Most of the Classics that were attended to at our colleges were instructed in this Academy. More than sixty scholars have entered college from this school and nearly fifteen hundred have been members of it. Scholars have been here for instruction from all the New England States except Rhode Island, and from the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia. Also from the Island of St. Thomas in the West Indies, and from the Island of Bermuda. Soon after I began to teach my school in the year 1790, I commenced a course of lectures on morals,

which were delivered weekly, giving audience to any persons who were disposed to attend. This I continued during the period of twenty years and I hope it has been useful and instructive to the many youths who have been committed to my charge.

Thus, God in His providence, has directed me to spend my life in the place of my nativity. If I have ever done any good to my fellow men, let all the praise be to Him, who hath directed my steps. Nevertheless, I have many times been doomed to meet opposition in combatting with human depravity and the caprices of many people, yet, I have for the most part, retained their confidence. I have held an office of one kind or another in the gift of this town, yearly, and without fail, for thirty-one years; twenty-nine years I have held an office in the gift of this Society, and thirty years I have held an office in the gift of the State. In the year 1798 I was chosen a representative from this town to the General Assembly,

and I continued to represent this town for the greater part of the time till the year 1806. I then declined an election.

I have had my share of worldly honours. I have had my share of happiness in domestic life. I have been blessed with obedient and affectionate children. I have had a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances and have shared largely in the affections of my pupils. I have many times been ready to exclaim, why have I been made the subject of so much goodness from the hand of God and why have I experienced so many worldly blessings? In all the duties which I have been called to discharge I have had much occasion to exclaim "O my leanness, my leanness," my barrenness in the offerings I owed to God and my fellow men. After giving myself to God in covenant vows and dedicating my children in baptism I formed many resolutions, namely:

Resolved, Not to be a stumbling block to any, by my example.

Resolved, That when I am about to enter up-

on any important undertaking, to ask Divine direction in prayer.

Resolved, Often to commune with my own heart, and not fail daily to pray to God in secret.

Resolved, To impart religious instruction to my children, and daily instruct them in moral duties, and commend them to God in prayer.

Resolved, To study and meditate daily, that I might know more of the Divine character, His perfections and Glory.

Resolved, Never to grate the ears of my friends by the frequent recital of my own trials and afflictions.

Resolved, Ever to pray that my faith may be strengthened, and never distrust the faithfulness of God in his promises.

Upon reflection, it ill becomes me to resolve what I will do—O God, enable me to avoid temptation, and may I trust in Thee to uphold me in all my walks!

On the first day of September, 1814, my wife, Elizabeth, had a paralytic shock which rendered insensible the one-half of

her whole frame from her head to her feet. She continued helpless as an infant till the ninth day of said September about half after ten in the morning, when she expired, aged sixty-three. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of people on the tenth day of said September. The Rev. Mr. Beecher preached a sermon on the occasion from Job xiv. 14: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." My heart overflows with gratitude to my neighbours and numerous friends for their kind attention to her in her distressed and helpless illness, and for their very respectful kindness in performing the last mournful offices in committing her remains to the Silent Mansion of the Grave.

On the 6th day of March, 1815, I married my second wife, Miss Rhoda Farnam, a lady possessing all those amiable qualities requisite to make domestic life happy in the conjugal state. On the 30th day of January, 1816, she brought me a fine daughter, whom we named Jane

Elizabeth—a dear babe and a precious gift from heaven. O may we have grace and Divine aid to bring her up in the fear of God! While I behold her verging into life I am ready to exclaim with the pious poet:

Thou embryo angel, or thou infant fiend,
A being now begun, but ne'er to end.
What boding fears a father's heart torment,
Trembling and anxious for the grand event.
Lest thy young soul, so late by Heaven
bestowed,
Forget her father and neglect her God!
Lest while imprisoned in this house of clay
To tyrant lust she fall a helpless prey!
Maker of souls! avert so dire a doom,
Or snatch her back to native nothing's
gloom!

On the Lord's Day, April 21, 1816, we dedicated our infant to God in baptism. O may she be early adopted into the family of the Redeemer. On the 22nd day of November, 1817, my dear companion presented me with a son whom we named Timothy Dwight, in grateful remembrance of my much esteemed and beloved

On the 22d day of November 1817 my
dear Companion presented me with a Son
whom we name Timothy Dwight
in grateful remembrance of my much esteemed
& beloved friend the Rev Timothy Dwight
late president of Yale College; who was the
tutor of my Class at 8 College in the years 1771-
2 and 1773 — On the 3d day of May 1818 we
dedicated this our son to God in the ordinance
of Baptism, hoping by the grace of God to train
him up for the dear Redeemer, and that this
child may be useful in Life, prepared
for death, and finally be made a trophy
of Divine Grace in the Kingdom of Heaven

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